

NATIVE LEGENDS OF OREGON AND WASHINGTON

COLLECTED BY FRANZ BOAS

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ABSTRACT

The oral narratives translated here were published by Franz Boas in 1893. They were recorded in 1890 and 1891 on summer trips to Oregon and Washington. Out of the number he collected at this time these were chosen for publication in order to not only present some of the cultural variability found in the North Pacific culture area, but also to demonstrate the spread of certain northern mythological elements, e.g. characters and plots, into the southern portion of the area. The diffusion of this content supported certain of Boas's conceptions of the area: its southern extent, its nature and degree of cultural uniformity and the direction of its culture change.

INTRODUCTION

The oral narratives presented here were recorded by Franz Boas in Oregon and Washington during the summers of 1890 and 1891 and published in German in 1893 (Boas 1893c). This work was an outgrowth of his continuing research in British Columbia for the British Association for the Advancement of Science, which he began in 1888 (Reprint NARN Vol. 8). The Association employed him to conduct a general survey of the native peoples of the Province; one of the major foci was the languages, particularly their interrelationships and distribution. This focus led him to a consideration of the Salishan languages, representatives of which lived in the United States. Thus toward the end of 1888, Boas wrote John Wesley Powell of the Bureau of American Ethnology, asking him if the Bureau would support work in Oregon and Washington on the Salishan languages (Boas 1972:Franz Boas [FB] to John W. Powell

December 1888; Henry W. Henshaw to FB 1 December 1888). Boas proposed a four- to five-year project in keeping with Powell's objectives for the Bureau's linguistic research, which entailed the long-term, detailed study of single languages (Boas 1972:FB to Horatio Hale; FB to Henry W. Henshaw 3 December 1888; J. W. Powell to FB 21 December 1888). Powell decided to support Boas, who began work in the summer of 1889 at Victoria and Nanaimo, British Columbia. He collected vocabularies and texts from Skuñyen (Lku'ñgEn), SK-qōmic (Squamish) and Snanaimuq (Nanaimo) speakers (Boas 1972:FB to Henry W. Henshaw 23 January 1890; Kinkade 1990:105; Suttles 1990:473; Thompson and Kinkade 1990:36).

It was not until the summer of 1890 that Boas entered the United States and began the research originally contracted for by the Bureau (Boas 1972:J. W. Powell to FB 10 March 1890). He planned to work on the Reservations in the region (Boas 1972:J. J. Buford to FB 9 May 1890; E. Eells to FB 19 May 1890) and to use Chinook jargon as his medium of communication.

Within the limited amount of time Boas had this summer—he planned to go back to British Columbia too—he collected fairly large vocabularies and some texts. It is not possible using published materials to figure out when and from whom he collected the Puyallup materials, but we can trace most of his activities and his consultants. In June he visited the Siletz Reservation in Oregon and collected Siletz material from Old Jack (Pilling 1893:5), as well as Tillamook vocabulary and texts from Haies John and Louis Fuller (Pilling 1893:6). In July he went to Clatsop City near Seaside, Oregon, and worked on Nehelem with John (Boas 1898:23; Pilling 1893:5). He also collected Chinook materials (Boas 1894:5). It was during this field trip that Boas met Charles Cultee at Bay Center on Willapa Bay, Washington (Boas 1894:5-6), where he also obtained his Chehalis data. Cultee was Kathlamet/Clatsop and his wife was a Chehalis. He proved to be one of Boas's most intelligent and effective consultants. It was from him that Boas obtained data on Lower and Upper Chinookan as well as Kathlamet and Chehalis (Boas 1894:6; 1901:6).

Boas went to Oakville, Washington in the summer of 1927 to work on Coast Salish, specifically Chehalis (Freeman 1966). Adamson used Boas's data from this field trip in her 1934 volume. Boas appears to have been quite excited by the results of his work with Cultee on Chinook. On 19 October 1891 he wrote to John Wesley Powell that he planned to write a description of the Chinook tribe for the Bureau's *Annual Report*. It was not going to be an ethnography, but rather a presentation of the origin of Chinook mythology "based on a geographical study of the distribution of myths on the Pacific Coast" (Boas 1972:FB to J. W. Powell 19 October 1891). He never carried out this plan; his *Chinook Texts* is a straight-forward linguistic publication. He did include all of his published materials from Oregon and Washington in the comparative section of his 1916 *Tsimshian Mythology*.

The Oregon trip of 1890, while reasonably productive, was not without difficulties. Knowledgeable consultants were hard to find, and travel between the Reservations and towns was not easy. Thus, as Cultee proved to be so satisfactory to work with, when it came time for a second field trip in the summer of 1891, Boas returned to Bay Center and resumed work with Cultee (Cole 1999:148-149).

Boas published these narratives in a German geographical journal for a German ethnological audience. You can clearly see this in his use of the term "legend circle" which he converted to "cycle" in his English publications. He used the term circle because in the German ethnological theory of the time, it carried a geographical meaning (Koepping 1983). Thus, it referred not only to a set of legends or narratives composed of certain elements and incidents

often involving a specific person(s), but also to the geographical area in which the legends were distributed. According to Boas, the legend circle of the Raven was found in the northern Pacific Coast, particularly among the Tlingit, Tsimshian, and Haida. This circle begins to lose its coherence as you move south until you reach the southern Wakashan and Salishan areas where a southern legend circle forms with the Wanderer or Transformer as the central protagonist.

As is well known Boas was particularly interested in historical relationships and reconstruction in his early work, and therefore, the term circle fit well with this early perspective. Boas, however, was not particularly interested in defining his technical terms, and it is not always clear whether he considered the legend circle as a single widespread cycle simply with some tribal variation or as a series of tribal cycles, with varying degrees of similarity. At times he appears to use the term in both senses, and therefore, the context of the term must be taken into account.

The myths Boas chose for these articles are probably not a representative sample of those found in Oregon and Washington at the time. He chose them because they fit into his earlier discussion of myths from the North Pacific Coast (Boas 1888b). The Wanderer-legend circle, the flood, the stealing of the sun, the visit to heaven incorporating the chain of arrows, and the child-stealing witch are all aspects of the mythology which Boas chose to emphasize here and in later work (Boas 1916). The publication of the Wanderer myths added to the considerable number he had already collected as well as helped to further define the variability and distribution of the cycle. His emphasis on the latter is not surprising as he considered it to be the major grouping of myths among the Salishan speaking groups, equal in importance to the Raven myths found in northern British Columbia and Alaska.

The remaining myths seem to have been added to illustrate two of Boas's major conclusions about the history of myth-making on the Coast. The first is that the mythologies of the various tribes were the result of borrowing—the dissemination of elements. When people borrowed certain elements and incidents they rearranged them according to their own mythological conceptions and structures. The final myth, from the Kathlamet, in this series illustrates this. The visit to the heavens on a chain of arrows, the departure from there in a basket let down on a spider's web, the child-stealing witch—all these elements are found north of this area and have been incorporated by borrowing. They have been added to the nature of the child-stealing witch, which leads to her death, the old woman who is darkness, the Sun and Moon as women, and the Evening and Morning stars, as well as Bluejay which are all elements characteristic of this area.

The second conclusion Boas came to was that the peoples of the Pacific Northwest did not share a uniform culture. The diversity could be seen particularly in the social organizations of the various tribes, and it could also be seen in the mythologies. However, the region did exhibit considerable uniformity as well, which could also be found in the mythologies (Boas 1888a). The same incidents, the same motifs and characters appeared over and over again, combined in various ways, and slowly what developed was a common mythology. Boas points out some of these commonalities in these articles, but there are a number of others which he does not discuss and which occur widely in Northwest myths: the changing of excrement into men who keep watch, the changing of female children into wives, the stealing of the baby from its cradle and the substitution of a piece of wood, the creation of a new child, the door that slams open and shut, the girl abducted by the bear who kills her brothers, the life-giving role of water, the holes in the floor of the sky, the spider's rope, the magic flight and so on. Thus, while

configured in ways different from those farther north, the myths of Oregon and Washington shared in the mythological uniformity Boas attributed to the entire North Pacific Coast.

TRANSLATION

On the Mythology of the Indians of Washington and Oregon By Franz Boas

I described on an earlier occasion in this journal the outstanding features of the mythology of the Indians of the North Pacific Coast [Boas 1888]. The collections that were at my disposal at that time extended along the coasts of Alaska and British Columbia. I intend to examine the mythology of the tribes of Washington and Oregon in this article in the same manner as I did that of the more northern tribes earlier. I especially intend to follow the distinctive legend circles of the north in their dissemination to the south.

In the description I will primarily consider the following tribes: the Puyallup [southern Lushootseed, southern Coast Salish, Washington (Suttles and Lane 1990:485)] and the other tribes of Puget Sound with a similar language, the Chihalis [Chehalis, southwestern Coast Salish, Washington (Rohner 1969:122-124; Hajda 1990:503-504). Boas spelled the name "Tsihelish" in his letter diary of the period.] of Grays Harbor, the Chinook [Boas 1894:5-6; Silverstein 1990:544-546; Thompson and Kinkade 1990:41] of Shoalwater Bay, the Katlamat [Cathlamet, Upper Chinookan, Lower Columbia River, Washington and Oregon (Boas 1901; Silverstein 1990:544; Thompson and Kinkade 1990:41).] of the lower Columbia, the Clatsop [Silverstein 1990:544; Thompson and Kinkade 1990:41] at the mouth of the Columbia, and the Tillamook [Tillamook, a Salishan enclave on the Oregon Coast (Boas 1898b; Thompson and Kinkade 1990:33).] south of the Columbia.

In the 1888 series of articles I discussed the distinctive Wanderer-legends of the northern tribes. I have given further data on similar legend circles in the *Verhandlungen der Anthropologischen Gesellschaft* [Proceedings of the Anthropological Society] in Berlin. [Boas published a series of articles between 1891 and 1895 under the title *Sagen aus Britisch-Columbien* (Legends from British Columbia) in the Society's *Proceedings* which were titled *Verhandlungen der Berliner Gesellschaft für Anthropologie, Ethnologie und Urgeschichte*. The articles included the results of his first field trip in 1886 and subsequent trips up to 1894.] Legends of a similar character are found now most extensively among the tribes of Washington and Oregon. The associated groups of legends will be discussed in the following paper.

Among the Puyallup the name of the wanderer is Qoné [(Adamson 1934:139, 388). Thelma Adamson was a student of Boas's who worked with various Coast Salishan tribes in Washington in the mid-to-late 1920s (Seaburg this issue).]

Qoné created the land, rivers, mountains, and people. He wandered over the entire world and the people knew that in his wanderings he transformed everything. Once he met an old man who split and sharpened bones. He asked him: "What are you doing there?" The old man answered: "I'm sharpening these bones. When the man comes who transforms everything, I'll kill him with them." "Get up," said the Qoné. The old man obeyed. Qoné took the bones and stuck them in the old man's legs. Now he shouted: "Leap away from here and be a deer. You'll kill no

more chiefs; rather the people will eat you." Since then the deer has had two bones in its lower leg.

He wandered on and created the rivers of the land and had the salmon go up them. He went on and came to a river in which he saw a salmon swimming. He was hungry and said to the salmon: "Come a little closer to me." The salmon obeyed the call. He again called it nearer so that Qoné was finally able to catch it. He roasted it. While the salmon cooked on the fire, he lay down and went to sleep. Meanwhile Mink came along and saw Qoné asleep and the salmon cooking on the fire. So he slipped up quietly and devoured the salmon. He rubbed Qoné's mouth and teeth with a small piece of the salmon and then left. When the latter awoke and did not find his salmon, he believed someone had stolen it. But then he felt the food particles stuck between his teeth and cried: "How is it that I'm still hungry and have already eaten the salmon?" But after a while it occurred to him that Mink had gotten the best of him, so he set out in pursuit of him. Mink went over the mountains, while Qoné went along the seashore. Then Mink thought: I wish Qoné would be thirsty. And so it happened. Then Mink urinated, thus creating a river from which Qoné drank. They went on, one on the mountains, the other on the seashore, and in the same way Mink created a series of rivers from which Qoné drank without being able to quench his thirst. Then Qoné thought: Certainly Mink has created these rivers in order to get the best of me. I'll make a huge water rise up behind me so that he can no longer follow me. He saw a small river, stepped over it, and made it become wider and wider so that Mink could no longer follow him.

It is striking that here, too, the Wanderer-legend appears in connection with the Mink legend. Among the northern tribes of the Coast Salish, to whom the Puyallup also belong, the Mink is the companion of the Wanderer, while here the two appear to be adversaries. The legend circle of the Mink is almost identical with the same legend circle of the northern tribes. The legend of the origin of the deer is found farther to the north up to Rivers Inlet [Rivers Inlet in British Columbia was and is one of the main settlements of the Awi'ky'noq (Oowekeeno), one of the Wakashan tribes]. The story of the stolen salmon in the north forms a part of the raven legend and is found as far as Dean Inlet [Dean Inlet in British Columbia, is a Bella Coola or Nuxalk area] and even farther north. It is worth mentioning that all the remarkable stone formations are regarded as creations of Qoné, who transformed people and animals into stones. Among the Chihalis the Wanderer bears the name Qonéqoné [Adamson 1934:379-382, 387 388].

Qonéqoné and Crane lived at Toke Point, where they caught salmon that they intended to dry for winter use. They set up their camp on an open grassy flat, made a fire, and sat down. At that time Crane still had a beautiful tail of which Qonéqoné was envious. While they ate there, Qonéqoné ignited the dry grass and singed Crane's tail. Crane did not know how to put out the fire. Qonéqoné advised him to stick his tail in dry grass to put it out. Crane followed his advice and ignited the grass. Then Qonéqoné said: "Stick your tail in dry pine. That will put it out." Crane followed his advice and ignited the pine. Qonéqoné had him stick his tail in all the readily flammable things one after another and thus it happened that it burned up completely, and since then Crane has had a short tail. When it was almost entirely burned up Qonéqoné advised him to stick it in water. Thus Crane put out the fire.

They went on and came to a rapid, where they wanted to fish for salmon. Qonéqoné made a weir above the rapid into which the salmon that swam up the stream jumped. Crane, however, stood on the shore with his harpoon and caught the best fish he saw swim by. Thus it came about that Qonéqoné obtained only old, dry salmon, while Crane had only good fish. When they had caught a good supply, they began to dry the salmon. But Qonéqoné was envious because Crane had caught much better fish than he. He thought: I'll kill him and steal all his fish. So he began to sing and dance, and Crane joined in the song and danced with him. But Qonéqoné held a heavy rhythm stick in his hand; as soon as his cousin bowed his head in dancing, he tried to hit his neck. But Crane jumped quickly to the side and thus avoided being struck. But now he knew that his cousin sought to take his life.

When all the fish were dry, they packed them into five bundles and started to travel over the mountain to another camp. Crane carried his bundles one after another over the mountain. But Qonéqoné said to his cousin: "I'll make them go by themselves." He put the salmon in a basket and told the basket to go ahead. At this the basket began to climb up the mountain. But when it reached the top, it began to roll faster and faster down the mountain until it finally fell into the river, where the salmon came back to life and swam away. Qonéqoné tried to hold them back, but they pulled him into the water and he almost drowned. When he had safely reached the shore again, he said: "Certainly Crane has gotten the best of me in this way! From now on baskets will no longer go by themselves. When people want to move a load, they will have to carry it laboriously from place to place. Even I couldn't hold them back" (Adamson 1934:255-257, 387).

Qonéqoné went to a river and made a salmon weir. He defecated and changed his excrement into two men, whom he placed by the weir and instructed to call him when there was a salmon in the weir. Shortly they called him. He jumped up. But when he looked in the weir he found only a small stick. So he went back. Soon the men called him again. This time he found a larger stick. After this happened several times, he destroyed the watchmen and made new ones. He said to them: "Call me when there are salmon in the weir, but otherwise leave me in peace." When dawn came they called him, and when he came down he found a salmon in the weir. He carried it to the shore and roasted it. He threw the *Melcher* [milt, the sperm-containing fluid of fish] under his bed, saying: "I wish you would become a person." From now on he caught a salmon every day. On the fifth day he heard someone singing in his house. But when he looked he found nothing. Five times he heard singing in his house when he returned home in the evening. So he took a torch and looked through the entire house. He found two girls under his bed and said: "Oh, my children! Why did you hide? I'm a poor, lonesome man." So the girls came out. They dried his salmon and helped him with his work. They were very beautiful and white. They combed and washed themselves every day and were beautiful to look at. When they had grown up, he thought: "They're not my children. I want to marry them." One day he decided to go down the river in his boat. He sat down in the front of the canoe, while the two girls sat in the back. Every time they went through rapids, the boat turned crosswise to the current and Qonéqoné called to the girls: "Children, turn the boat!" And they obeyed. After this had happened several times and they were again going through a rapid, he cried: "My wives, turn the boat!" One girl noticed what he had called them and said to her sister: "Did you hear what he said? He called us his wives." But the other replied: "No, he said: my children." They traveled on and when they came to the next rapid, he cried: "Turn the boat, children!" So the second girl said: "Did you hear now? He called us his children." But the next time he again called: "Turn the

boat, my wives!" Now the first girl said: "Did you hear it? He called us his wives." But the other did not believe her. At the next rapid he again called them his children. But when they had gone through five rapids and he had called them his wives five times [it seems like they ought to have gone through ten rapids: five times "wives" and five times "children"], even the second girl was convinced. They decided to run away as soon as the back of the boat touched the shore again. When this happened, they took a large stick, lay it in the back of the boat, and jumped ashore. They said to the stick: "When Qonéqonē calls: 'Turn the boat, my wives,' you must straighten it." It did this and so Qonéqonē did not notice their flight. But finally he once more called: "Turn the boat, my children!" and the stick did not obey this call. So he turned around and noticed that the girls had fled.

The girls wandered inland and finally reached an open meadow. There they found a swing on which a cradle was fastened that was being swung by an old, blind woman. The younger of the two girls said: "Let's steal the child from the cradle." They walked up to it quietly and laid a piece of rotten wood in the cradle after they had taken the child out. The old woman did not notice the theft since the girls had instructed the wood to cry like the child. But finally, when she felt over the cradle, the old woman noticed the piece of wood and cried: "Oh, my grandchild, how did you become a piece of wood?" Soon her daughter came back, and she was very angry when she found that the child was missing.

The girls wandered on. But the mother of the stolen child took her old, blind mother on her back and pursued the girls. She went very rapidly and almost passed them. As she approached the girls she threw her mother down. The old woman urinated and immediately a large lake appeared. But the girls managed to escape before the water reached them. The woman again took her mother on her back and continued the pursuit. When she neared the girls, she again threw her mother down and a second lake arose. But it was a little smaller than the first, and the girls succeeded in escaping the rising water. Five times the woman threw her mother down, and five lakes were created. But she could not catch up to the girls, so she returned home. Then she took the cedar bough on which the infant had been bedded in the cradle, gave it the figure of a child, and prayed to the sun. At this it was changed into a boy.

The two girls traveled inland and finally reached two rocks that constantly slammed open and shut. Getting through these successfully, they reached an open, grassy land where they settled and built a house. The mother of the child they had stolen called together all the people who knew how to jump well in order to rescue her child. Year after year they tried to reach it, but they were not able to, since no one could get through the opening and closing rocks. So the stolen boy grew up and became the husband of the two girls who had abducted him. They had many children. One day the mother of the stolen boy asked Bluejay to try to get her child back. Bluejay went to the rocks and succeeded in jumping through. Only a few of its tail feathers were caught when the rocks closed. After a short while it reached the house in which the women and their husband lived. It looked through a crack in the wall and saw the young man, who was making an arrowhead. It broke. When he began a second and a third, they also broke. So he cried: "Someone must be watching me. That's why my arrowheads are breaking." He threw them out the door and hit Bluejay right in the eyes. It cried: "Once I stole him; now he hits me in the face" (??) [all question marks are in the original]. When the young man heard this voice, he went out and saw Bluejay. He called it in and it told him that his mother had sent it to take him back. And it told him that his wives were children of Qonéqonē and had stolen him when he was a child. This caused the young man great sadness. The women regularly went out to dig

camas roots. The young man waited for them, and when he saw them coming home, he cried: "Oh!" They looked up, and he got up and shook his staff at them. This turned them into elk and they sprang away. He cried: "You shall be elk and flee at the appearance of people. You won't steal any more children!"

The young man had many children. Since their mothers did not return, they now began to cry. When one of them cried it made a very broad, flat mouth. It became a pike. Another made a long and round mouth and became another kind of fish. The father gave them many small pieces of wood, which became their bones. Thus fish have many bones. Another of his sons became a bear and one of his daughters a cedar. He said to her: "I'm sending you off with your brother the bear. In winter, take him under your blanket." Therefore the bear sleeps under the cedar in winter.

The young man left his house with Bluejay and took a large chest full of valuable shells; it was so heavy that one man alone could not lift it. After a while they met a man fishing for salmon. It was his brother who had been made from the cedar bough. The latter lived on fish, lizards, and snakes, because he was very poor. When the young man saw this, he said: "Oh, my poor brother." He grabbed him by the legs and shook him so that all the bad things that were in him fell out of his mouth. Then he washed him and he became a chief. The two brothers then wandered on together. Soon they came to a village. Since they wanted to marry, they invited the daughters of all the chiefs. But each time a girl came, Bluejay who accompanied the two brothers whispered: "Urinate!" And the girl went away quickly without entering the house. Finally, there was only one left—an ugly young girl who was covered all over with sores. She was crippled. Her face was painted and she was sent to the house. When Bluejay saw her, he cried: "Don't let her in. She's not good enough to be a chief's wife." Then he whispered: "Urinate!" But his words had no effect on her and she came in. Bluejay almost suffocated when she entered. But she lifted the chest full of valuable shells they had brought, and the young man married her. She gave the people deer skins, elk skins, and salmon. After some time the young man said: "I want to go up to heaven and become the sun and always see my people." He did this. But as he went up, it became so hot that the woods began to burn and the waters to boil. When he came down again, the people said: "You're too hot. You'll kill us." So he sent his brother up, and as the latter wandered through heaven the weather was good--not too warm, not too cold. Therefore his brother became the sun. He himself became the moon.

Although this legend deviates in important ways from the other Wanderer-legends, Qonéqonē is expressly compared by the Chihalis themselves and their southern neighbors, the Chinook, with Shikla as well as with As'aiyahatl of the Tillamook and the Prairie Wolf [Boas uses prairie wolf rather than coyote which are the same animal (Alderton 1994)] of the Upper Chinook. So there can be no doubt that we are dealing here, too, with a single form of the Wanderer-legend. The entire second part of the story told here is found in almost the same form among the tribes of the lower Fraser River. It is related by me in the *Verhandlungen der Gesellschaft für Anthropologie* 1891, p. 559 [This is a reference to one of the articles Boas (1891) published in the *Verhandlungen* of the Berlin Society.] Among the Salish tribes of British Columbia, the Wanderer is so often explicitly identified with the sun that we can also see here further grounds for the identity of the two.

The Wanderer-Legend of the Chinook.

There was once a girl with five brothers who were older than she [Boas 1894:9-12; Adamson 1934:121-124, 414-415]. One day the Gray Bear abducted her, and her brothers searched in vain for her for a whole year. So the oldest brother set out to look for her. After some time he met a grouse [Boas identified this as a "Rebhuhn" (*Perdix perdix*), which is an Old World bird; therefore it has been translated as "grouse."] He shot it and hung it up on a branch. After he had gone a ways he found a house. In it he saw an old man and a boy. He went in. The boy then jumped up and cried: "Delouse me, uncle!" He performed the child's request and soon found a louse, which he squashed. At this the boy bit his neck through. The old man and the boy carried his body into the woods and hid it. The old man was the Gray Bear that had abducted the girl, and the boy was his son. The wife was in the woods at that time with her daughter digging camas. Suddenly the girl cried: "Let's go home. Someone has come to us." But her mother did not believe her. When they came home in the evening, the girl immediately smelled the blood. She became angry and struck her father and her brother.

Since the oldest brother had not returned, the second went out to look for his sister. And he, as well as the third and fourth brothers, met the same fate.

Now there was only one left; he cried because his brothers did not return. He cried the whole night long. But early in the morning he fell asleep. He dreamed: When you go out to look for your sister you'll find a grouse. Don't shoot it. A monster abducted your sister and killed all your older brothers. You'll find a house. Don't immediately go in. And if you see two people in the house, then remain standing at the door. Now day came and he awoke. So he took his arrows and went to look for his sister. He met the grouse but did not shoot it. After a long time he found a house. He opened the door and saw a man and his child inside. For a long time he stood in the doorway. The women were out digging camas again, and suddenly the girl said: "Let's go home quickly. Someone has come." And she asked her mother: "Don't you have relatives?" The latter answered: "Yes, I left five brothers at home." They went home. And when they opened the door, there stood a man. Finally he said to his sister: "All our brothers came here." When the girl heard this, she said: "See, you didn't believe me." Now they decided to kill the old man and his son and carried piles of pine wood into the house. At this the old man asked: "What are you going to do with all that wood?" The woman replied: "We'll need it in winter to make a fire." One evening the young man told stories to the Bear for a long time. When it was almost day, the Bear fell asleep. So the young man called his sister and his niece outside. They locked the door and set the house on fire. Thus the old man and his son burned up.

Now the girl looked for the corpses of her uncles. She found them in the woods, carried them to the water, and blew on it. At that they recovered and stood up. They wandered on and came to a lake. They bathed in it and the woman dived under. She asked her brothers: "Shall I dive more? Do I look pretty in the lake?" "Yes," they answered. But when she dived the fifth time hair grew on her face and her brothers cried: "No, you don't look beautiful in the lake." So she was changed into a monster that stayed in the lake [Adamson 1934:392]. Now they went on with only their niece and finally reached their home. There they remained. Finally the girl married a chief. In the village of this chief lived Bluejay. It did not like the woman since she never laughed, and it always asked her to laugh. Finally she said to her husband: "Bluejay is always tormenting me to laugh. Now go and hide in the woods; then I'll laugh." She bathed, combed her hair, and called to Bluejay: "Now I'll laugh." She laughed. She immediately lost her reason and ate up all the people. In the afternoon she came to her senses again, so she spit out all

the bones. She looked for her husband but did not find him. So she looked among the bones of the people and also found those of her husband, who out of curiosity had not hidden. But she could not find his feet and calves. She blew on the bones and he came alive again, but he could not walk since he had no calves. She put him in a basket, moved down the river, and built herself a house.

After some time she bore two boys. As they grew up, she said to them: "Don't go up the river. You may only go downriver." But as the boys grew bigger they could not withstand the temptation and went up the river. There they found the bones of many people. "Oh," they said, "how might all these people have died?" One day they were bathing, and when they got home they were missing a comb. They saw a basket hanging on the roof and thought the comb must be in it. So they let it down, opened it, and when they took a blanket out they found their father. He said: "Oh, my sons. Your mother is bad. See, she ate me and all my people. Hang me up again quickly or she'll kill us." But they said to their father: "We want to heal you." They took him to the water, blew on him, and he was healed. But they changed their mother into a bitch. Then they began to wander throughout the world. They received the name Shikla.

After some time they reached a lake on which a swan swam. It had two heads. The younger brother shot it and then jumped into the lake to bring it to land. Scarcely had he grabbed the swan than he disappeared under water. At this his older brother cried. He heated many stones and threw them into the lake, which began to boil and dried up, revealing many monsters on the bottom. He grabbed a knife and cut open the stomach of one after another but did not find his brother. Finally only a small monster remained; when he cut this one up he found his brother, who held the two-headed swan in his hand. He carried him to the water, blew on him, and his brother was revived [Adamson 1934:383-384].

They went on. After some time they met a man who held a paddle in his hand and danced. "What are you doing?" they asked him. "I'm catching flounder." When he danced they jumped into his boat. They asked: "Don't you have a dipnet?" Then they showed him how he should drive the flounder on shore and catch them. They said: "This is how people shall catch flounder from now on."

They went on and met a man. "What are you doing?" they asked him. He said: "I'm shooting the rain." His house had no roof, so it rained inside and he tried to drive off the rain by shooting arrows. So they showed him how he should cover his house with a roof and said: "From now on people shall no longer shoot the rain."

They went on. They came to a land in which no one lived. There they bathed, rubbed their hands, and changed the dirt that fell to the ground into people. And they created salmon in all the rivers they passed.

They went on and met a man who said: "I'm sharpening my knives, for I'll kill the two who make everything good. I'll kill them with my knives." "Good. Come here!" they replied. "Give us the knives. Now bend down your head." Then they struck him with one knife on one side of the head, with another on the other side, and the third into his back. "Now jump away. You'll be called a deer. From now on you'll kill no more people" [Adamson 1934:139, 388].

They went on and came to Uk'ōneqōn. This was an evil witch. She stood on a cliff and threw all the people who came to her into the abyss at her feet. There they were dashed to pieces on many sharp flint points. As the boys came nearer, they said: "Let our dogs fight one another." But she said: "Your bitch is a monster. It even ate its husband and his people." The boys said:

"What's your bitch called?" "It's called Headeater. What's yours called?" "It's called Flinteater." The two dogs fought each other, and Shikla's dog bit off the other's head. Then one of the boys said to their dog: "Now throw me down in the abyss." And she grabbed him by the arms, swung him around in a circle five times, and threw him down. She cried to the boy standing down below: "Cry out: Go and always remain below." But he called to them: "Cry: Come back, come back." And the boys cried: "Come back, come back." "Oh," screamed Uk'óneqōn, "you people. Now your father's coming down." But he arrived down there unharmed and found many boys there. He took water, blew on them, and they all got up. So he said: "Now watch her. I'll throw her down, then you kill her with stones." He climbed up the cliff and said to Uk'óneqōn: "Oh, aunt, the people below are not dead. They dance, sing, and play. Now I'm going to throw you down." He grabbed her by the head, swung her around in a circle five times so that she burst, and threw her down. The boys took stones and pounded her to pieces. These they threw in every direction. They threw her legs toward Nehalim. Therefore the Tillamook have strong legs. They threw her hair toward Cowlitz. Therefore the Cowlitz have long hair. They threw her ribs upstream. Therefore the Klickitat have crooked legs.

Among the Tillamook the Wanderer bears the name As'ai'yahatl, or in the Siletz dialect Tsai'yahatl [Boas 1898b:140-141]. I can only give a part of this remarkable Wanderer-legend here, which obviously already shows southern influences.

As'ai'yahatl lives far inland. Once he wandered throughout the whole world. He went down the river and came to Natahts. There he looked for mussels, made a fire, and roasted them. As he opened them he found two animals in each shell. Therefore very soon he was full. He became angry that he could not eat all the mussels and cried: "In the future there shall be only one animal in each shell."

He went up the river and stepped over it near its source since he had no canoe. There he met a number of women who dug roots. He said: "You shall not dig roots here." He threw the roots to Clatsop. Since then there are no longer roots in Tillamook, while in Clatsop they are present in abundance. He went down to the shore and said: "In the future you shall gather mussels at low tide. At high tide you shall carry them home and quarrel over them." And he gave the women the Tillamook language.

He caught a salmon in the river, stepped on it, and flattened it. Thus arose the flounder, which since then is plentiful in Tillamook.

He met two women who dug camas. He wanted some of their roots and they gave him one at his request. But he wanted more and devised a trick. He cut a part of his penis off, which he carved into three pieces that he changed into dogs. They rushed upon the women and he himself approached them in altered form and asked them for some roots, which they again gave him. In this way he deceived them several times. But finally they recognized him and decided to punish him. They put a wasp nest in their basket, and when As'ai'yahatl again approached them, they gave him the entire basket and told him that he should not open it until he came to a place where there was no wind. He believed there were camas roots in the basket, sat down under a bush, and opened it, and the wasps stung him all over. He became so mad that he destroyed all the roots on the river.

He went toward Clatsop and caught a salmon, which he threw on the shore. He tried to kill it with a stick but was not able to. So he took some sand, put it on the eyes of the fish, and

squeezed it to death. He said: "This is how my children will catch salmon from now on." Therefore the Clatsop kill salmon in this manner.

Once five panthers found As'ai'yahatl sleeping. They tied his hair together and fastened dirty things to his head. When he awoke he started to drink from a creek and was shocked when he saw his reflection. So he pursued the panthers who had played such a nasty trick on him. He found them sleeping, stretched their ears out, and tied their hair together. When they awoke they were so scared as they looked at one another that they fled into the mountains. Since then panthers live in the mountains and forests.

He wandered on and came to a place where three female cannibals lived. He took along a large heavy stone, and as he approached the women he threw the stone among them. They immediately began to quarrel among themselves. So he went down to them, changed them into cliffs, and said: "You shall become cliffs and stand until the end of the world. Children will play here, and you shall not be able to cause them harm. People will set up their camp by you and you shall protect them." They were changed into great cliffs with deep caves in which people spend the night when traveling.

He wandered on and came to a house in which he saw the people lying idly by the fire. He asked: "Are you sick?" "No, but we're nearly starved to death. The east wind wants to kill us. River and sea are frozen and we can't get any food." So he said: "Can't you overcome the wind?" He left the house and went down to the river, which was completely frozen. The ice was so slippery that he could hardly stand on it. But he went down the river to conquer the east wind. As he neared its house he took up a piece of ice that he threw into the river and said: "From now on the winters shall be milder and the summers warm." He changed the ice into fish, which swam up the river. Finally, As'ai'yahatl reached the house of the east wind. He went in, sat down, and whistled. His entire face was covered with frozen breath. He did not go near the fire and shivered from the cold. Nevertheless he said: "I'm so warm that I can't come any closer to the fire" and told the east wind that he came from a house where they were drying herring. The east wind replied: "That's not true. There's not going to be any herring for a long time." "You don't believe me?" replied As'ai'yahatl. "Outside there are many herring." He went out, took an icicle, which he brought in and warmed by the fire. He said: "Just look how quickly they cook," while in truth the icicle melted. Thus he made the east wind believe that he held a herring in his hand. At that the wind ceased whistling, the ice melted, and the people had an abundance of food. Until that time it had always been winter. But As'ai'yahatl created the seasons. Then he returned to the starving people and said: "Get up and catch herring. Let your women pick berries. Hunt elk and deer." So they got up and from then on had plenty to eat.

He traveled on and found a stranded whale on the shore. But he had no knife to cut it up with. Not far from there he saw a small house from which a column of smoke arose. He went in and found two men sitting by the fire. One of them was the Flint Man, the other the Copper Man. He thought: I wish they'd fight each other. Scarcely had he thought this than the two began to fight. Every time the Copper Man received a blow on the nose it became bent. But when the Flint Man received a blow large chips flew off of him. As'ai'yahatl picked these up and said: "Now I have enough knives. Stop fighting and help me cut up the whale." He took three good knives and began to separate the blubber from the whale.

Finally As'ai'yahatl reached the Columbia River. He wanted to cross but found that the river was too deep and the water too cold. So he kicked a cliff into the river with his foot, and the cliff stands there today. It is said: this is As'ai'yahatl, who was changed into a cliff. But in

truth, he threw the cliff into the river and he himself disappeared.

As'ai'yahatl is thought to be identical to the Prairie Wolf [coyote], although he is never called that in the accounts. The tribes living on the Columbia, by contrast, are aware that As'ai'yahatl plays precisely the same role as the Prairie Wolf in their own legends and in those of the highlanders of Oregon and northern California. The various methods of handling salmon are all ascribed to As'ai'yahatl, while on the Columbia River they are ascribed to the Prairie Wolf. The As'ai'yahatl and Prairie Wolf legends show in pronounced measure the peculiarities of the American Wanderer-myths in which the culture hero at the same time appears as the great trickster who tries to outwit everyone, but in doing so he is often outwitted himself. In this connection the Wanderer-legend of the Tillamook is joined with the Raven legend of the Alaska and the Clooskap [Gluskap is the transformer-trickster of such eastern groups as the Micmac and the Maliseet-Passamaquoddy], Manibozho [Nanabozho is the culture hero of the central Woodlands tribes, e.g., Fox and Ottawa as well as the Ojibwa], Napi [Napi is the Blackfoot culture hero], and other legends of the east.

Conclusion

While we find flood legends represented rather frequently among the northern tribes, I found only a single one in Washington and Oregon, except those belonging to the Qäls [the name of the Cowichan (central Coast Salish; southern Vancouver Island, B.C.) Wanderer/Transformer (Rohner 1969:52-58). Boas appears to be using the name in a generic sense here.] legend circle, in which the flood is sent as a punishment and in which only one or few people survive, by fastening their canoe to a mountain by a rope. This legend is found throughout the entire region of Puget Sound. I recorded the legend on the Columbia River from the Katlamat [Boas 1901:23]. It is connected directly with the flood legend of the Pentlatsch [Pentlatch (PE'ntlatc), a Salishan language nearly extinct when Boas worked on the Coast in the nineteenth century (Thompson and Kinkade 1990:36-37)], which I published earlier in *Globus* [It is not known what Boas is referring to here. There is no Pentlatch flood narrative in the 1888 *Globus* series. There is one, however, in Boas (1892:65).]

This is the story of Nekschiam. Once there was a beautiful girl. One time Bluejay said to her: "Why do you not marry? A great hunter lives up the river there. You should take him." The next day she went up the river and finally reached a house. She went in and saw that the interior of the house was painted with pictures of animals. She went to the bed, which bore the image of the beaver, and sat down. Finally the occupants of the house came home. First came Mink, who brought a trout. Then came Otter, who brought a salmon. Then came Raccoon, who brought crab. Muskrat came and brought sword lilies. Wildcat came and brought ducks. Mouse brought camas roots. Now everyone had returned except their oldest brother. They said: "Maybe a tree has fallen on him and killed him." And when the woman heard this, she thought: Certainly he is a boat builder. When it had become night they heard someone coming. A man entered and she saw that he was disproportionately fat. He sat down by her and said: "Get my trout, woman!" She went down to the river, and there she saw many boats. Each prow bore the image of an animal. She went to that of Beaver and looked for the trout, but found none. She saw only a bundle of willows lying in the boat. So she went back and said: "I didn't find any trout in your

boat. Only a bundle of willow branches lay in it." "Those are my trout," replied Beaver. After some time they lay down to sleep. She touched Beaver and felt that his stomach was full of wood. Feeling her touch him, he awoke and said: "She breaks my bones, she breaks my ribs, Kyeqané." So the woman got up and went out. She found a small house not far from the village. There she went in and lay down. Beaver said to Mink: "Go to your sister-in-law and tell her to come back." Mink went and said: "I came to get you, Nekschiam. Your husband told me to bring you back." To this she replied: "I don't like you. You're stingy." Mink went back and said: "She's too lazy. She won't come." Beaver sent Otter, Black Bear, Raccoon, Muskrat, and Mouse one after another. But she gave all of them the same answer. So Beaver said to Panther: "Go and get your sister-in-law." Panther went and said: "Oh, Nekschiam, I've come to get you." He repeated: "I've come to get you." At this the woman said: "Be quiet and come in." And he stayed with her. When Panther did not return, Beaver sent Mink, and the latter returned with the news that Panther had remained with the woman. So Beaver cried for five days. The water began to rise and flooded the land and all the houses. Beaver jumped into the water and swam away. All the people went in their boats. The land was entirely covered with water, which almost reached the heavens. For one year the water remained high. So the woman said to Bluejay: "Dive!" Bluejay tried to dive but could not do it. She had all the animals dive one after another, and finally Mink made an attempt. He remained submerged some time but came up again without having found the bottom. Then Otter tried. He stayed even longer under the water but came up again without having reached the bottom. Finally, Muskrat tried. It said: "Tie the canoes together and lay planks over them." They did this. Then [Musk]Rat threw off its cloak and sang: "I'm bringing up the day. My stomach is just like Beaver's. My stomach is fat, my stomach is fat." Five times it sang this; then it jumped into the water. For a long time it remained under water. Then sword lilies were seen coming up. Now it became summer and the water began to drop, and soon the boat sat firmly on land. So all the animals jumped out. First Gray Bear. It broke off its tail on the edge of the boat. They cried to him: "You lost your tail." "Oh, I'll buy myself another one," he replied and ran off. All the animals lost their tails when they jumped out of the boats. Black Bear, Hare, and Deer ran off without retrieving their tails. They wanted to buy themselves new ones. Therefore, today they have no tails. But Otter, Mink, Lynx, and Panther turned back and got their tails. Therefore, today they still have long tails.

It is immediately clear that this legend is influenced by the eastern flood legends in which it is also Muskrat who dives to bring back the land. Consequently, we have up to now three places on the Pacific Coast where this legend has spread: the region around Dean Inlet (Boas 1893a:244-245), the Columbia River, and middle California (Potts 1892:73-74; Powers 1877:383). On the northern part of the Pacific Coast, this form of the flood legends is not found in any other place than those named. We therefore cannot doubt a direct transmission from the east. The first part of the legend, which claims that the flood is caused by the tears of Beaver, is also found on the Fraser River and on the southern coast of Vancouver Island.

Traces of the important northern legend in which Raven steals the sun can likewise be found as far as our region. I earlier recounted a form of this legend from Nanaimo [Boas also called the Nanaimo the Snaaimuq (Boas 1889:328, 1891b:637).] I obtained another form of the same legend at Grays Harbor. It belongs to the Chihalis.

There was once a chief who kept the sun in a chest. When his daughter went out to pick

berries, she took it with her and opened it just a bit so she could see. When she had filled her basket with berries, she took the chest back to her father. The people in all the other villages were very poor at that time since it was always dark, so they held a council to consider how they could obtain the sun. They sent the chief Kalicho out to steal it. He traveled to the land of the chief who had the sun and there took the form of an old slave. There he was found and taken into the house of the chief, with whom Bluejay lived. The latter said: "That was indeed my father's slave, who lost him one day. His grandfather was even my father's slave." The people believed him and gave the slave to him. The chief's daughter took the slave with her when she went out to look for berries and had him paddle her canoe. He was a very good paddler, and Bluejay said: "Certainly that is Tsitsiqatoh. He was also a very good paddler." The people believed him. As they paddled on, the slave said: "Tsis, tsis, tsis." And Bluejay again said to his brother, Robin: "Certainly, that's the way he always spoke as he carried me about in his arms when I was still a small boy." But Robin did not remember these instances, and Bluejay said: "You're older than I, and yet you don't remember that?" Finally they arrived where the girl wanted to pick berries and she opened the chest a little. Now as soon as the sun appeared, the slave jumped up, grabbed the chest, opened it, and it became daylight. He ran away and she could not catch him. The people almost killed Bluejay since his lies had caused the loss of the sun. But Kalicho brought the sun home and gave it to the people, saying: "From now on we will all enjoy the sun and no one person alone shall possess it."

Legends that refer to visits to heaven, especially to the sun and stars, are not rare. Also, the method of climbing up by means of a chain of arrows is not unknown. I collected a legend of this type from the Tillamook. It is so similar to the northern legends that I decided not to repeat it here. However, I would like to give in more detail a quite peculiar connection between this legend of visits to the sun and the Tsōnōkoa legends from Vancouver Island [Boas 1893a:260-261; 1893b:460-462]. This is the legend of the child-stealing witch that also plays such a great role in the Old World. Among the Tillamook she is called Qilgo [Boas 1898b:34-38, 136-138; Adamson 1934:83-87, 418]; among the Katlamet, Akasqēnaqēna [Boas 1901:9-20]. I select the latter legend, which is of special interest and can be told here with few abridgements; the Tillamook legend is not well suited to such a presentation.

There was once a man and a woman who had a child. The man became angry at his wife and she left him. She built herself a small house, not far from the village, in which she lived. One evening the villagers gathered to sing and dance. She stepped out of her house and listened and thought: I'd like to go and watch. But then she thought: No, I should stay here, for my child might cry. The next day she washed her child and laid it in the cradle. As it slept the people again began to dance and sing. She listened. This time she could no longer resist the temptation and went to the village. She peeped through the wall and watched as her husband danced. Then she went in and danced with the others. Toward morning she remembered her child and thought: Oh, my child! Maybe it's crying. I'll go home. As she approached her house she heard her child crying. She went in, lifted it up, and saw that in the cradle lay only a piece of wood that was crying. "Oh, my poor child!" she cried. "Certainly Akasqēnaqēna has taken you." This was in fact true. Akasqēnaqēna had carried the woman's child away and taken it to her house, in which she and the Crane lived. The child grew up and Akasqēnaqēna carried it with her wherever she went. But finally she became tired of carrying it and left the child at home. Now once when she

had gone out, Crane said: "Come to me. I'll give you something to eat." Crane gave it trout and said: "Do you think she's your mother? She stole you when you were little. She's called Akasqēnaqēna." Finally, she came back. She was angry and said to Crane: "What did you tell your nephew!" The former replied: "I told him that you were his mother." "Yes, my brother. You must always speak to him that way." The next day she again took the child with her. In the evening she returned, and the next day she again left it in the house. Crane once more said to it: "Come, I'll give you something to eat." Then it gave the boy water and said: "If you want to kill her, let her carry you into the woods. Kill her where you find a pine grove. You have to cut her throat. Then a round object will spring out. Catch it. She'll say to you: 'Kill me.' But catch that round object and break it. Then she'll have to die." In the evening Akasqēnaqēna came back, and the next day she again carried the boy with her. Then he said: "Let's go into the woods." They went inland and climbed a high mountain. A pine grove stood there. He grabbed hold of a tree. Then he saw her neck and cut it through. A round object sprang out and rolled around. She cried: "Kill me." But he grabbed it and broke it. So she died. The fir and hemlock trees all around fell down. But he climbed a pine and the falling trees did not harm him. When he had climbed to the top of the tree, he saw that he was close to heaven. He took his arrows and shot. The first arrow remained stuck in heaven. So he shot again and hit the first arrow. Thus, he made a chain that reached almost down to the top of the tree. He tied his bow on it and climbed up. He arrived at heaven, made a hole, and climbed through. There he saw another land. He went along a path and met an old woman: "What are you carrying there, old one?" he said. "I'm hungry. Give me something to eat." She replied: "I am darkness, give me something to eat." And she repeated again: "I am darkness." So he rushed toward her and removed her burden. It was a sack that was stopped up. He pulled the stopper out and it immediately became dark. She cried: "Shut it again." He did this and at once it became light again. He went on and met a number of black people. "Where are you going?" he asked. "We're going down to the earth into the hair of people." He went on and met more people. He asked: "Where are you going?" "We're going down into the clothes of people." He met another group of people. He asked: "Where are you going?" "We're going down to drink the blood of people." They were various types of vermin, which were being sent down to earth.

He went on and saw a person who had been wounded by two arrows. After some time he met a man. The latter said: "Oh, my son-in-law, have you seen the game I'm pursuing?" He replied: "I haven't seen anything. I only met a man who had two arrows stuck in him." "That's my game. If you go on, follow this path. You'll come to a crossroad. Don't go the other way." He went on and after a short while met a mountain goat that had been hit with two arrows. Then he again met a man. The latter again said: "My son-in-law, have you seen my game?" "Yes, I saw it." "That's our way. Go here and not the other way." The young man now went on and came to the crossroad. He went to the left and found many human bones. There was a terrible smell the entire way. Finally he found a house. He entered and looked for a washbasin. He washed himself and now looked for a comb. He found none but then saw a large basket. He thought: Maybe the comb is in here. He opened the basket and took out five cloaks. Then he found a woman. She was decorated all over with human bones. In her hair were tied ornaments made of children's bones. She gave him a comb that was also made of human bones. He combed his hair and put the cloaks back into the basket, which he hung up again. The woman was the Moon. He stayed there. After some time he heard a noise as if someone outside had thrown something down. Then he saw that five men had arrived, each of whom threw down a dead person in front

of the house. It was the sons of the Evening Star who lived in this house. Finally the father, the evening star himself, also came back. Suddenly the basket began to swing back and forth. So the old man said: "Ach!" Again the basket swung and again he said: "Ach! Oh, my sons. Let your sister down. Something must have happened to her." They let her down and set her by the newcomer. They gave the latter a basket full of human eyes. But he thought: I will leave them. The next morning all the young men went away. He left the house and retraced his route. Then he found the other path. There he saw bones of mountain goats and it smelled good along the entire way. After a while he came to a house. He went in and wanted to wash. He found a washbowl, washed himself, and wanted to comb his hair. He found no comb and saw a basket from which he took five blankets. There he found a woman who was completely covered with dentalia. She gave him a comb. He combed his hair and put the comb and the blankets back into the basket, which he again hung up. The woman was the Sun. Toward evening he heard a noise as when someone throws down heavy loads. Then five men came in who had brought home mountain goats, which they threw down. It was the sons of the Morning Star. After a while the basket began to swing. So the old man said: "Ach, let your sister down. Something must have happened to her." They freed the basket and took their sister out and set her by the newcomer. He took her as his wife and remained there. Then the Evening Star came with his relatives and declared war on the Morning Star. But they overcame the Evening Star and shamed his daughter, the Moon. They said: "You shall shine for people only at night when they use the toilet. You're not as exalted as I. I shine for the chiefs when they exchange gifts with each other." So the Moon went home and the foreigner stayed with the Sun, the daughter of the Morning Star.

After some time she bore two children who were joined together in the middle. One day the Sun sat with her husband in front of the house, and she said to him: "Come, I'll delouse you." He sat down and dug his fingers into the earth. He made a hole there and looked down. He saw houses and thought: Ah, maybe that's my father's village. He said to his wife: "Let me go." He went into the house and lay down. Since he did not get up again at all, his father-in-law asked the wife: "Are you mad at your husband?" "No, he's homesick." "Oh, my son-in-law, why didn't you say so? Bring the old woman willow bark." From this the spider made ropes and wove a large basket. She was brought more willow bark, and she made a long rope. When this was completed, the Morning Star laid cloaks in the basket and had his daughter, his son-in-law, and the children sit down in it. Then the basket was let down and they landed on the earth.

They climbed out of the basket and soon found a child who was playing with a bow and arrow. The woman took away his arrow and hid it. The boy cried: "Give me my arrow, Bluejay. I'm poor." The woman said: "Oh, come here. Who are you?" "Oh, I have no brother. A long time ago Akasqēnaqēna took my older brother." "That's me, that's me." "No, it is you, Bluejay." [Apparently the blind boy thinks his brother is Bluejay.] So his sister-in-law took him and blew on his face, and he could see again. She gave him a small cloak of mountain goat wool and said: "Now go home and bring your parents here." The boy went and said: "My older brother has come back." Upon hearing this his mother cried. "Bluejay has gotten the best of you." The boy replied: "Just look at my cloak." She felt his cloak and noticed that it was soft. "Maybe he really has returned?" "Certainly, certainly, and I'm supposed to fetch you. My sister-in-law sent me." So he took his parents and the woman breathed on their faces. They were then able to see again. She said: "Now go in the house and make a fire." They obeyed. Then the newcomers went into their house. They brought all their belongings with them. Then Bluejay opened the door and besmirched the threshold. The woman said: "Take a torch and hit him." The boy did

this and Bluejay screamed: "Woe, I'm burned! Certainly your older brother has returned." He looked back and saw the young man. So he ran to all the houses and cried: "Our chief has returned." Then the young man invited all the people and gave away many cloaks. The people saw his children. They stood up together and sat down together. Then Bluejay said to his brother, Robin: "What do you think? I'll cut them apart. Then we'll have two chiefs." The former replied: "Be still. Only you would think of something like that." Three times Bluejay repeated what he had said, and Robin forbade him each time. But one day he took a knife and cut the boys apart. One went to one side, the other to the other side; their intestines fell to the ground and they died. The woman saw it and looked at Bluejay. He burned up immediately. She said: "I'm going back home now. When a chief dies you will see one of my children. When two chiefs die you will see both." The boys were changed into parhelia [a parhelion is a bright circular spot on a solar halo].

We have here a sun myth that shows in part a close relationship to the northern myths, especially in the climb into heaven by an arrow chain as well as the return from heaven. The view of the sun and moon, by contrast, bears a stamp that is not present among the legends of the northern tribes. The peculiar idea that life is not distributed throughout the entire body, but rather is only contained in a small ball that is hidden in a particular part of the body, is repeated in the legends of several of these tribes. The Qilgo of the Tillamook carries this ball in her hat and can be killed only by the destruction of the ball. [Boas (1898b:38) describes the "ball" as "a small, long thing in the top of her hat." This is her heart.] In a legend of the Chinook the life of a girl is found in her little finger, and she can only be killed by crushing this ball [Boas 1894:190]. Presumably the idea of the Bilqula [Boas 1898a:111]—that the soul sits in the form of an egg in the neck—also belongs to the same group of concepts.

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